English Pills

Gripe.

Task Before the Teacher Objects of the In-stustion-A New Arrival at the School.

There is a school at 215 East Twenty-first street worth visiting. It is the new Truant School, the first of the kind New York has ever had, and it has been in full swing for two weeks. It opened with eighteen sobbing boys on its benches, and the number has run up to thirtythree and is still increasing. Most of them have taken their degrees in sobbing and sighing and are now trying to show what past masters they are in genuine boyish mischief. They don't have any Saturdays or Sundays off, or any holidays. It is school, school all the time, and when it en't books it is discipline. There is never a glimpse of the world except by special favor for very good behavior, and then only on Sundays. On the day that the school opened William W. Locke, Supervisor of the truancy department Superintendent of the institution, after stating to the boys what was expected of them, told them that although they were imprisoned they were not criminals, and that by earnest work and good behavior they could make their lot a pleasant one, and would get back home the sooner for it. This seemed mencourage the transgressors wonderfully, for pretty soon they were able to smile, and then they began to get acquainted with one another and the next thing that Miss Julia Byrne, who

was assigned to the new school from Grammar School 53, knew was that she had some very tough cases to deal with. On Thursday afternoon, when a SUN reporter visited the school, most of the boys were in high mirits. Mr. Locke had about ten in his office on the first floor, who had proved to be more than Miss Byrne could stand. Thought of the punishment which they knew was in store for them did not squeich them. While the master was engaged in making out some papers to be signed by a troubled father about to commit his son, the culprits pulled each others' bair, tweaked noses, punched ribs, and looked innocent.

"I just can't stand him any longer," said the less in front of the desk, "and I am more than willing to trust him to your care.' The boy looked indifferent "Are you willing and able to pay something

for his board ?" asked Mr. Locke. "Yes, I'll gladly pay whatever you ask for his keep," said the father, his voice beginning to break. "I do want him to be a good boy." Pretty soon the papers were all signed and it was settled that the boy should be committed

"Now, I'm going to leave you here," said the father to the boy, "and if you are good I'll take you home, but if you are bad I shall always leave you here." The boy looked deflant.

"Bid your father good-by," suggested Mr. "It is the last time you will see him for The father flourished his handkerchief and

morted after the manner of men who would lide their emotions, and then he thrust his hand into his capacious pocket and articulated: Pen-nies-will he need any pennies !" "No, the boys here don't need any money," re-

plied Mr. Locke. "We'd rather they wouldn't have it. Say good-by to the boy." The hand of the boy rested in the big, rough, toil-worn hand of the man a minute; the boy's face swelled out like a red toy balloon, and all

of a sudden exploded with a sobbing sound, follewed by sniffler. The man made a hasty exit. The trusnts at the desk snickered as the new victim took his place among them. The more "That happens nearly every time a boy is committed," said Mr. Locke, turning to the vistor. "Now, suppose you go up and visit the

classroom."

The schoolroom looked very much like any other public schoolroom at first glance, but as soon as the youngsters saw that the visitor was soon as official "the natur' of the brutes" bogan to show itself. The story of Job's patience might never have been written had Miss Byrne and the Truant School existed in his time. She was giving them a drawing lesson, and while some labored mightily and in silence over the straight and curved lines, most of them were just as disorderly as they could be.

"Things aren't in good running order yet," she explained, apologetically, "but soon I ex-

and curved lines, most of them were just as diserderly as they could be.

"Things aren't in good running order yet,"
she explained, apologetically, "but soon I expect to have as perfect order here as is the rule
in public schools. In the first place, eight grades
are represented in this room, and it is impossible to keep all of the boys busy at the same
thing simultaneously. Then, too, they have
been very slow about supplying us with materials; but we'll have everything we need by
Monday, and then we will soon get into
shipshape. I think you can get the best
idea of what the children themselves
think of the Truant School from these," she
went on taking a lot of papers from her desk.
"On the opening day Mr. Locke asked them to

went on taking a lot of papers from her desk. "On the opening day Mr. Locke asked them to write something about the school, and this morning I had each one write a letter to his father or mother."

The boys had evidently thought that the best policy was to conceal their real thoughts about the school, for in all that batch of opinions there was not a single adverse one, and that, too, on the very first day of their imprisonment. A 13-year-old, with a jaw-breaking name, wrote:

"Trulent school it looks very nice and we get pencels and pats from our teacher and read books and have recess."

A young Italian carefully penned, with much shading of letters, "The Truant School is for boys who B wood."

One of the largest boys said, regardless of capitals and punctuation: "The truant school is

saading of letters, "The Truant School is for boys who B good."

One of the largest boys said, regardless of capitals and punctuation: "The truant school is for boys who plays truant from school and for bad boys who disobey their parents and grantmas and teachers and to keep them off the street and also to make them behavied and mind their parents and go to school every day in the week except on Saturday and Sunday."

When called upon to write letters to their parents, the little chaps evidently forgot that these papers would fall into the hands of Miss Byrne and Mr. Locke as well as their compositions on the school, and most of them laid bare their hearts. A boy who has really been very good wrote:

"DEAR FATHER: I hope you are all cetting."

"DEAR FATHER: I hope you are all getting along well. I will be glad to see you on Friday at 3 P. M. sharp, and to tell Mr. Locks to give me another chance, for I would like to stay home with Johnnie. I am in the eighth grammar grade. I have to wash dishes and to scrub the floor. I do not like no other place but home, weet home. Your loving son.

The following letter was avidently written by The following letter was evidently written by the whose taste runs to the sybaritle, even if he laone of the most incorrigible of the truants:

one whose taste runs to the sybaritle, even if he is one of the most incorrigible of the truants:

"Dear Mother: I hope you are well, and I will be glad to see you on Friday at 3 o'clock sharp. Piease bring me some clean underwear, a pair of shoes, coame an brush, a story book to read at night. When are you going to take me out! I am very good and hope to get out soon. Please come sharp at 3 o'clock on Friday aftersoon. Your son.

This letter was written by a boy who would itst as soon be in one place as another, so long as be can't have perfect liberty.

"Dear Mother: Will you please come Friday and take my old clothes and wash them, and bring me a new pair of slippers and stockings and clean underwear and new pair of pants?

"Your loving son, E. H."

A small, soft-eyed lad, known as the boss of Eldridge street and called by his comrades The Chicken, without a doubt labored long and carefully over the following:

"Dear Mother: I feel very well in the place where I am. I go to school every day except on Saturday and Sanday. I have my breakfast at

carefully over the following:

"DEAR MOTHER: I feel vory well in the place where I am. I go to school every day except on seturday and Sunday. I have my breakfast at 70 clock in the morning. We get a bowl of oat meal and two sileces of bread and then we get a tup of coffee then we go in a room to look at the first own of the control o

"IRAH MOTHER: Please come this Friday to eme. And bring me some clotheand I would be no. And bring me some clotheand I would be lo know how Papa and Lena is getting ong and also bring me some fruit. Dear other I would like to know when I will get al and bring me a pair of stockings and I den't be to stay here because the eating there and

THIRTY-THREE BAD BOYS.

See if you can get me out Friday afternoon so I will be hear a weak so I will have to wash the dishes and sorub the floor and I have to wash the towels and try to get me out from there and they don't learn the trade as you said there is only a school and that will be all I have to wash the towels and try to get me out from there and they don't learn the trade as you said there is only a school and that will be all I have to say to you and I will give my regardes to the bole family. From your loven son, and Thing That are Equal to the Same Thing t

"J. A."

The next letter is in striking contrast to the last, as the author seems content with his lot:

"Dear Mother: I write you a few lines to let you know I am getting along. I am well, we get all the food we want. Please come down on Friday and bring me clean clothes. Mr. Locke is very nice to the boys. I will now close my letter. Your loving son, W. B."

As a masterpiece of imagination the letter which follows deserves a prize. It was written by a poor little Italian waif who is homeless and friendless. He said:

"Dear Mothers: I sand you a few lines tell-

iendless. He said:

"DEAR MOTHER: I send you a few lines tellburyou that I am good in school and out of
outle. I am not lonesome. We play ball in
ou yard and Mr. Locke said that I am purfit
t mark. Last Sunday when I left the house I
olt very sorry to leave you and I am hopeing
out the family is all well. Your loving son."

A small methesless her area.

in mark. Last Sunday when I left the house I felt very sorry to leave you and I am hopeing that the family is all well. Your loving son."

A small mo'herless boy saye:

"DEAR SISTER: I hope you are well and I will be glad to see you on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. When are you going to take me house and give me another chance! I have to scrub the floor and iron the towels and make my bed. I am in the eight grammar grade. G. B."

"Some of the very largest boys," said Miss Byrne." cannot write, and that makes it very hard to keep them occupied all the time. The teaching here is necessarily much more individual than it is in the public schools, and these little letters give us an insight into the characters of the boys, which will be most helpful. I expect to move into the building next Monday and make my home with the boys. Then I shall be able to accomplish a great deal more. You see these boys are very much behind in all school work. Many of them cannot even read; so I shall give them as much observation work as possible. When I was about to give them a lesson on the silkworm, and showed them one, several of the boys thought it was a peanul. They became intensely interested in the lesson, and some of them wrote very creditable papers on the silkworm next day. We talk and write a great deal about growing plants, and have planted some seed in the boxes over there. Just now I have a wren's nest here and will give them a talk about that to-day. Of course they have their regular lessons in spelling, reading, and arithmetic and so on, too, but we cannot keep them interested in books from 9 to 3. It is utterly impossible to use the same greade. I intend to try very hard to give the boys a taste for reading, both prose and poetry. Yesterday we had the 'Pied Piper of Hamiin' and they enjoyed it immensely. From that we had our language lesson and they learned some grammar without knowing it. I love the truants very dearly and they are devoted to Mr. Locke. The housekeeper says it is a beautiful sight to see them all cr

them all crowded around him in the evening and to hear him telling them stories or playing games with them. I expect to get much nearer the boys when I come to live with them. The teacher then went on with the lesson about the bird's nest, telling the boys how she had found it under a tree in the country last summer. She told them a great many interesting things about birds and their habits, and then asked if any boy could tell her how a bird got its nest to stay together. A long-limbed, freckled-faced boy, held both arms high. "Tell me all you know about it, Carnia," she said to him.

then asked if any boy could tell her how a bird got its nest to stay together. A long-limbed, freckled-faced boy, held both arms high.

"Tell me all you know about it, Carnie," she said to him.

"Why, teacher," he began, dramatically, "don't you know the little bird picks up horse's hair that the horse don't need and throws it down, and the little bird carries it to a tree and puts the hairs in and out, in and out, and when it gets ready to fit its nest it sits down in it and stretches it till it is the right size and shape it And, teacher," he went on, his homely little face aglow, "my mother, she's Irlah, told me a pretty little story about some birds she knew when she was a little girl, it was in Ireland. People wanted to catch these little birds to sell them. They built their nests under the big rocks by the sea, and do you know how the little birds fooled the people! The people watched then it find where their nests were the little birds fooled them. They would fly to a rock 'way over yonder." gesticulating wildly, "and while the people were going there the bird would make off to its real nest, which wasn't there at all, but 'way over yonder," pointing in an opposite direction.

Every ear in the room was strained to catch every word that Carnie said, and when he finished his little story many an admiring eye was turned full upon him.

"What a nice boy he is," said the visitor.

"One of the toughest of the whole lot," said Miss Byrne under her breath, "but Carnie was on his good behavior."

By this time it was the hour for school to close and the boys were dismissed. The watchman came in and marched them down to the play stround, where they were soon as happy as only those full of youth and high spirits can be.

The building is well suited to its purposes. On the upper floors are the dormitories—large, light, and more periectly ventilated than half the public school rooms. There is a large front room which will be used for industrial classes, and a good-sized side room, which will probably be turned into a assist in the housework, and most of them enjoy it thoroughly. Everything about the place as spick and preasance and water and the place as spick and preasance and water and the place and preasance and the place and the place and preasance and the place and the place

BOSTON, June 5 .- Jacob Falcon of Salem has resented to the Essex Institute of that city a

Things That Are Journ to the Mark Kind of Crequal to Each Other, and What Kind of Algebra Do Heal Estate Agents Study, Any-how 1. Reflections of an Embryo Commuter.

A wild-eyed man whose dress was unkempt and whose pockets were bulging with real estate circulars attracted the attention of a Sun reporter in the City Hall Park yesterday after oon. He sat on a bench and glared at the City Hall. Then from his well-filled pockets he pulled a circular and read it through carefully. Again he looked steadily at the City Hall. From an inside pocket he fished out a blankbook, in which he made a number of mathematical calculations. The result was not satisfactory apparently, for his face wore a puzzled expres sion as he closed the book and returned it to his pocket. His eyes again rested on the City Hall. Once more he pulled from his pocket a real es-tate circular, and this suggested another problem, which he worked out to an unsatisfactory

finish in his blankbook. Half a dozen times did the Unkempt Man suggest problems to himself from the circulars in his pocket, but the solution of them didn't give him relief. He got up impatiently and walked around the City Hall, closely examining its

foundations. Probably an architect, and possibly he is

making plans to move the building," thought The Sun reporter to himself. The Unkempt Man, after circling the City Hall, returned to his bench with a look of despair that was desperate. His condition ap-

pealed for sympathy, and as the reporter sat

lown beside him he said: "Are you in trouble !" "I am," replied the Unkempt Man. "The vorst trouble of my life."

"Interested in the architecture of the Hall F" "Not exactly the architecture, but I'm inter-ested in the building itself, and it has nearly driven me crazy. Say, young man, is it logical and correct to say that two things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other i Assuming that the speed of the trains is uniform, if it takes the same time to get to a given point from two other points by train isn't it safe to assume that each of the other points is at an equal distance from the given point? If X equals Z and A equals Z what is the commutation from B to C and -- " but at this point his re-

As if divining the reporter's suspicions the Unkempt Man turned and said: "Young man, don't for a moment make the mistake of thinking that I am insane. I am not. Two mouths ago I was happy and free from care. Now I am sane enough, but my cares are many. "How did it happen?" asked the reporter vaguely, suspecting that the man was insane.

"My wife wanted to take a house in the country." said the Unkempt Man. The reporter's suspicions vanished. Here was

reasonable explanation. "Yes," said the Unkempt Man, "it was just two months ago yesterday that Mary said that she would so much enjoy a little suburban home. One with a pump in the front yard and vines all over the house, and open plumbing and hardwood floors, and no further from my office than the apartment house in which we lived!"

"But what has that to do with the City Hall!" "You have never looked for a house in the country, young man, or you wouldn't ask such a question. My office is in Wall street and my apartment is in Harlem. With the aid of express trains I can make the distance between the two in forty-five minutes.
"'You might just as well live in the country.'

said Mary, 'as in Harlem, so far as travelling goes, and it will surely be much pleasanter to have a whole house than to pay \$1,200 a year or a stuffy flat,' and in a moment of weakness

for a stuffy flat, and in a moment of weakness I yielded."

"But the City Hall!" suggested the reporter.

"I am coming to that. We began house hunting by going out to New Jersey. I went first to Literaryville. The circular that the agent sent me from there described it as a beautiful centre of art and literature, and it mentioned several exponents of both who had occasionally visited there. I have always wanted to rub elbows with literary or artistic men, and the circular allured me. Say, those half-tone pictures of suburban houses are deceiving! The picture of such a house in Literaryville interested me. I found the house itself. It was down in a swampy valley, under a perfect network of mosquito screens.

"Do you have mosquitoes here! I asked the agent, just to see if he was truthful.

"Yes, we do have a few' he answered candidly, and I want to tell you never to trust a real estate agent in Jersey who says that he doesn't know anything about mosquitoes.

"That convinced me that the young man was honest, and I asked him how long it would take me to get in to my office.

"You are just forty-five minutes from the City Hall, he replied.

"Mary's face beamed at this reply. We didn't like the house, however, and we decided to follow up another circular that I had received telling of the delights that might be found at Lemonville, six miles beyond Literaryville. The agent at Lemonville was an honest, polite man,

more than our share.'
"'How long does it take to get to New York?"
"We are exactly forty-five minutes from the
City Hall."
"His reply puzzled me, because Lemonette.

"How long does it take to get to New York?"

"We are exactly forty-five minutes from the City Hall.

"His reply puzzled me, because Lemonville was six miles beyondLiteraryville, and that place was just forty-five minutes from the City Hall. Mary wasn't quite satisfied with the houses and the neighborhood, so we struck over in another direction to Grand-View-in-the-Hills. We inspected all the houses, but none of them exactly suited us. I didn't like the real estate agent there, and he told me that the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember when a mosquito had been seen there.

"How far are you from New York!" I asked.

"We are just forty-five minutes from the City Hail,' was his reply.

Mary and I spent exactly two hours in getting back to town. We started out again in another direction. We went down the Jersey coast and stopped first at Surfville. The agent admitted that the summer brought mosquitoes, and I knew he was truthful.

"How far are you from New York!"

"Just forty-five minutes from the City Hall,' was his reply.

"We went six miles down the coast beyond Surfville to Ocean View. The houses didn't have open plutabing and there was only one hardwood floor in the place. The agent was a shifty fellow, but I established his truthfulness by getting him to admit that he had seen mosquitoes there in the summer.

"How far are you from New York!" I asked.

"Just about forty-five minutes from the City Hall,' he answerod.

"Now, do you know that it struck me as curious that all of these places should be the same distance from the City Hall. Mary and I

"Just about forty-five minutes from the City Hall, he answered.

"Now, do you know that it atruck me as curious that all of these places should be the same distance from the City Hall. Mary and I went down on Long Island the next day, and all of the real estate men admitted that mosquitoes appeared at certain seasons. Each one of them told me that he was forty-five minutes from the City Hall. We didn't find a house to suit, and the following day we went up in Weetchester county. Every single real estate man proved himself truthful. Each one warned me against any man who should say there were no mosquitoes in his town.

"How far are you from New York? I asked the first agent.

"How far are you from New York? I asked the first agent.

"Just exactly forty-five minutes," was his reply. It sounded very familiar, but I didn't doubt him. Five miles beyond, in the beautiful town of Yachtsmen's Last Resort, we found several houses that pleased us, but they wouldn't be vacant until fall. Oh, yes, there were mosquitoes there at certain times, but only when the wind was R.S.E.

"How far from New York? I asked, automatically."

were mosquitoes there at certain times, but only when the wind was S.S.E.

"How far from New York? I asked, automatically.

"Forty-five minutes from the City Hall, was the familiar response.

"We travelled miles and we couldn't get more than forty-five minutes away from the City Hall. It was very curious. Last night I got out some big maps and made out a scale of distances. It confused me all the more. I can't make it out. For instance, the town of A is fitteen miles out and the town of B is twenty-eix miles out, and both are on the same road. The same trains stop at each town, and yet each is forty-five minutes from the City Hall. Now, how do you explain it f Mary suggested that perhaps the City Hall was on rollers, and that it was moved around wherever the Mayor's business might call him. That was absurd of course; but I was so badly rattled that I snatched at it as a possible explanation. I even came down here to find out if it could be true, It can't. I know it. Now, here are Boomer's circulars, Cornerlot's circulars, Smith's circulars, and Jones's circulars. The places that they describe are all just forty-five minutes from the City Hall, not forty-five, i know, because I have visited them and the agents themselves told me. Now, if X equals A and B equals X, what does C equal I if G equals H and K equals—but it was apparent that he had relapsed into incoherency, and the reporter left him. The Unkenpt Man had met his waterloo at the hands of the suburban agent. The police returns last night contained this record:

"Found wandering around City Hall Park at 10:30, man about 50 years old, 5 feet 10, 160 pounds, brown-checked sack suit, side whiskers and hair dark. Said he was trying to move City Hall. Sont to Bellevue for examination. He

MATORS OF NEW YORK. arity of the Office in the Be-cles

There have been ninety-one Mayors of New York city, but only thirty-one of them have been elected by the voters of the city, the other having been appointed by vote of the Commo Council, as was formerly the custom, or having seen promoted to fill vacancies. The longsvity and endurance of Mayors of New York city ar proverbial, and since the election of the first Mayor of New York chosen by popular vote, Cornelius W. Lawrence, in 1834, only one Mayor has died in office, and he was a Mayor who had been elected to the same office twentyeven years before the beginning of the term

which he did not outlive.

The post of Mayor of New York will becom after Jan. 1, more important, relatively, than it has ever been before, by reason of the Greater New York charter; but it has always been an office of great importance, and in any summary of the interests represented by the incumbent it is customary to refer to the case of De Witt Clinton, three times Mayor of New York in the early years of the present century. Mr. Clinton

early years of the present century. Mr. Clinton was a United States Senator, an office which he left to become Mayor of New York he was a candidate for Prosident of the United States. His term as Mayor ended in 1815, and from this office he rose to be Governor of New York State during the term ending Jan. 1, 1875, was a candidate for Mayor of New York they are following. He ran on the Republican ticket and was defeated. John T. Hoffman was promoted from the office of Mayor of New York to that of Governor of the State, and several of his successors have been aspirants for the Gubernatorial nomination.

One peculiarity of the office of Mayor of New York is the fact that so large a number of Mayors have after the expiration of their respective terms been recalled to service in the City Hall. In Washington, as is well known, Grover Cleveland was the first of the Presidents to be reclected after an interregnum, and in Albany theonly conspicuous case of a Governor re-elected years after his term had expired was furnished by Horatio Seymour. Mayors of New York, however, once in office have generally been regarded as eligible to re-election years after. Mayor Steenwyck was the fourth and also the fourteenth Mayor of the city. Mayor Delavall was the second, fifth, and eleventh Mayor of the city. Mayor Paulding was the fifty-fifth and the fifty-seventh. Mayor Wood was the fifty-fifth and the fifty-seventh. Mayor Of Albany et al. (1997) of the city, Mayor Wood was the seventy-second and seventy-fourth. Mayor Grace was the eighty-fifth, and larger than any of office, has been called again to take them up anew. The Mayor gets a salary as large as the Governor of the State and larger than any of the end of the Cabinet. He is not subject to removal through political changes, and the performance of his duties does not entail a change of residence or absence from home.

LOOKING FOR HIS MAMMA.

Music Day Incident That for a Time Was of More Interest than the Music, Along the path while the band was playing in Central Park the other day trotted a small boy,

crying gently. "He's lost his mamma," said a young mother who sat on a bench, holding her own child's and; and that was just what was the matter. The path that the boy was on was the one next west of the Mall, running parallel with it and ending at the broad path that encircles the band stand. The seats that line the path, as well as those along the Mail and everywhere else near, were filled; so the small boy was trotting along between two lines of people.

"Bang-y-ty-bang - bangbang - bangbang - bangbang"-went the band. A man sitting on a bench said to him kindly, as he passed:

"Lost your mamma, my boy?" But the boy made no answer; he simply trotted on. Further along toward the band stand, as he trotted by, a woman, without a word, stretched out her hand toward him. It was a hand that

out her hand toward him. It was a hand that wanted to help him, but the boy never saw it. He trotted on till he came to the cross path, the encircing path around the band stand. He turned there to the right and then to the left, and looked along that path for a space of the width of the path by which he had approached, and then turned and trotted back the way he had come.

"Boomy-ty-boom — boomboom — boomboom—boomboom—went the band, but nobody along this path paid much attention to the band now; everybody was more interested in the little fellow who had lost his mamma. He went back the length of the path, and then turned and came up again, just as before, toward the bandstand; repeating then the exploration at the cross path, and then turning back the way he had come, trotting along and crying softly. By this time, everybody along this path had ceased to pay attention to the music; on both sides people followed the small boy.

Nobody had yet sought to intercept him or to guide him; but it was natural enough that people should refrain from this at the outset, for he might find his mother at any moment, and then of course everybody knew that he couldn't be very long lost, for a park policeman would take him soon to the police station at the Arsenal in the Park, if he didn't find his mother right away, and he would be cared for and in all probability he soon reclaimed, so that his case was really not very desperate But his pride vas

couldn't be very long lost, for a park policeman would take him soon to the police station at the Arsenal in the Park, if he didn't find his mother right away, and he would be cared for and in all probability be soon reclaimed, so that his case was really not very desperate. But his grief was moving, and as he came back the second time a woman who could wait no longer stood up and stepped out into the broad path to meet him as he came along. She was a tall woman, and with her was a slender young woman who was still talier, her daughter.

She reached out her hands to him as he came; she would have taken him and cared for him, but he wouldn't have it; there was only one mother and he wanted her. He sheered off from the kind lady, and avoided her outstretched hands and passed on.

"Try the other path, little boy," the woman said, bound to do something for him.

As he went on there came in, hurrying, at the other end of the path, by the band stand, a woman with two young children. She was the youngster's mother, that was easy to see. She hurried on. Right after her came a park policeman, hurrying, too. He passed on. A moment later somebody said:

"He's got him!"

That meant that a kindly park policeman now had the small boy who was looking for his mamma safely in charge, and it meant further that about a minute later the boy had found his mother. Then the people sitting along this path looked at their neighbors or across at the people on they all paid heed to the music again.

A LITERARY WOMAN.

She Suggests an Entirely New Method for

Taking Care of a Mortgage. As the reporter stepped into a well-known awyer's office yesterday afternoon he met a lady coming out and spoke to her. He really rished to talk to her a moment on some literary work in which she was interested, being writer of some note, but there was a disturbed and uncomfortable look in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth which decided him to wait until a more auspicious occasion. So he merely bowed and passed on into the office. where he met the lawyer, who also showed signs of perturbation.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the attorney with sincere emphasis, "if there is anything more than any other thing that will provoke a man in eighteen places at once, it is to have some wo man or other tell him what his business is when

eighteen places at once, it is to have some wo man or other tell him what his business is when he knows more about it in a minute than forty women know in a thousand years; and that one who just went out of here is one of them."

Of course this wild foaming of speech rather excited the reporter's curiosity, and he asked for a few more scattering particulars which he might put together at his leisure.

"Well, she's a literary woman, as you know," said the lawyer, "and as far as literature goes she's all right, and I haven't a word to say. But what does she know about the law y."

The reporter shook his head, because if the attorney didn't know he, the reporter, did not. "That's what I say, continued the lawyer," and, by Jove, she came in here to consult me about a mortgage she had received on a loan of four thousand and odd dollars that she was frightened about and insisted on my having the mortgage copyrighted so she would be protected by preventing the mortgage! Didn't I tell you she was all right in literature, but isn't any earthly goed in law! Copyright a mortgage! Didn't I tell you she was all right in literature, but isn't any earthly goed in law! Copyright a mortgage! Well. I will be "but the reporter got an injunction on him in time to prevent his saying what he wanted to and might have been justified in saying.

Bicycle Roof Garden the Latest.

The members of the Springfield Heycle Club are busy now talking roof garden and the prospect is that before long the roof of the club building will be arranged for that purpose. At the monthly meeting of the club last evening the three members who made a recent trip to Braticloro made a report which was full of glowing accounts of the roof garden of the Braticboro Bicycle Club by whom they were entertained. That club has a garden very similar to the one which the Springfield boys are talking up and it is, according to the boys who went up there, a very delightful place. From the Springfield Republican.

THIS CITY A CENTURY AGO.

THE LESSER NEW YORK IN CON-TRAST WITH THE GREATER. onh Webster's Birdseys View of New York is

1707—Manner of Life-Suggestive Cullings from an Old City Directory—Trade, Com-merce, and Books One Hundred Years Ago. Now that Greater New York is a fact some recollections, by way of a contrast, of the lesser New York of a hundred years ago will be timely and interesting. It would be impossible for any gazer of to-day from the height of windows in Trinity Church tower to realize the prospect that such an elevation might have given in 1797. Noah Webster, who was then editing a newspaper in this city and at the age of 39 years dreaming of lexicography, has left on record a description which will give some idea of what the view would have been. He wrote thus: The principal part of the city lies on the east side of an island where its length along the East River is about two miles, but the part on the banks of the Hudson falls much short of that distance." Thus the city, like the world's civilisation, began in the orient of the island, to achieve its greatest triumphs westward. "Water and Queen streets," he contined, "which occupy the East River banks are con-

veniently situated for business, but are low and too narrow, not admitting in some places of walks on the side for foot passengers. street, however, extending from the Exchange to City Hall at the corner of Wall, is sufficiently wide, and was originally laid out on each side of to command a delightful prospect of the Hudson River," which reference explains why St. Paul's Church was built fronting and overlooking the New Jersey shore. "William street," con-cludes Webster's account, "is the principal market for the retailing of dry goods. The houses are generally of brick and the roofs tiled, and there are remaining a few built after the old Dutch manner. Upon the southwest point of the island there is a line of fortification designed to command the entrance into both rivers. The Battery furnishes citizens with an agreeable walk, open to refreshing breezes from the ocean. There are three Dutch churches four Presbyterian-one at the north side of Wall, near Broadway, and another on the cast side of the public green at the junction of Nassau and Beekman streets. There are also one synagogue, one Catholic chapel and one meeting house for Friends. Eight miles northward is a strait, with great propriety called Hell Gate. and impassable without a strong breeze, at high or low water, sufficient to counteract the current; and even then the pavigation is extremely hazardous. A want of good water is a great in convenience to the citizens, there being few wells. Most people are supplied every day with water conveyed to their doors in casks from a pump which receives it from a pond almost a mile from the city." This reference shows how small in extent the city was, for the pond in question stretched where the Tombs now stands, Webster then estimated the population in 1797 within the area now comprised in Greater New

within the area now comprised in Greater New York, viz.: "Manhattan Island, 23,614; Kings county, 3,986; Richmond county, 3,152, and the portions of Queens and Westchester together about 13,000. In New York city are 3,840 houses; 1,300 more than Baltimore, 1,000 more than Boston, but 1,000 less than Philadelphia." The New Yorkers of 1797 struck lights with fint and steel in a tinder box; they had only wood for fuel; they knew nothing of gas light, and were victims to tallow candles and sperm oil at nightfall. To them rapid transit of any kind was unknown. Dogberries in a feeble constabulary cared for their peace or personal rights and property. Their houses, if on fire, were attended to by men with leather water buckets. The presence of any dentist was a year off. There was only one bank, Ferryboats were operated to and from Jersey City and Brooklyn by horse power. The idea of a fireproof safe was not formulated. Miniatures alone preserved the features of relatives and friends; and on every side what are now absolute necessaries of New York life were then either yet undreamed of, or in a very limited sense were luxuries. The city then had only seven wards. The readential outskirts of the Seventh ward substantially cassed at Bowery and Grand street, and of the sixth at Broad-

what are now absolute necessaries of New York life were then either yet undreamed of, or in a very limited sense were invuries. The city then had only seven wards. The residential outskirts of the Seventh ward substantially cased at Bowery and Grand street, and of the sixth at Broadway and Heade streets.

The small city directory exhibited a map which referred to the present Park row as Chatham row, to Liberty street as Crown, to Pearl street as Dock, to South William as Duke, to East Fulton as Fair, to West Fulton as Partition street, to Spruce as George, to John as Golden Hill, to Pine as King, to Cedar as Little Queen, and to Beaver as Princess. Twenty-one names figured among the A's, 78 among B's, 77 among C's, the letter D comprised 40 names, E eleven, F 33, G, 42, H 76, I and J 22, K 27, L 47, M 72, N 16, O 10, P 33, one Q, R 58, S 90, T 32, I and V 27, W 39, with three Y and one Z. John Jacob Astor-who was not yet naturalized—appears as a dealer in musical instruments; Goolets appear three times, all as merchants—one, Peter, in Hanoversquareand John in Cherry street. There were only two Vanderbilts—one whose Christian name was Oliver, a cobler in democratic Water street, and the other the aristocratic John, director of the Bank of New York; two Morgans, one a cutter and the other a glazier; two Mil'sca, a shoemaker and a carpenter, both in lower liroadway; and one Gould, who hailed as a retired gentleman, from 48 Wall street. There were than a score; and the good old appellation of apothecary honorably survives in a dozen instances. A citizen of the aristocratic old Knickerbocker name of Crygler announces himself as keeping at 69 Cherry street a porter and punch house. There are no saloon keepers named, but the old style of tavern keeper is used. Many women announce themselves as boarding house keepers. There is only a handful of brokers. Carmen have not yet evolved into truckmen. The tonsorial artist is a surgeon barber—recalling the origin of the colors of his pole. She who is known nowadays as a modiste figures as a mantus maker, after the style of Maria Edgeworth. Ironmonger is the predecessor of the hardware merchant. The auctioneer keeps a vendue store. A Mrs. Hanshew appears at 64 Beckman street as "tutoress." A midwife hails from Broad street, and a hair-powder manufacturer from Garden street, no the hardware merchant. The auctioneer keeps a vendue store. A Mrs. Hanshew appears at 64 Beckman street as "tutores." A midwife hails from Broad street, and a hairpowder manufacturer from Garden street, now Exchange place. Leon Rogers of 55 Broadway does not hesitate to give his business as "breeches maker." A horseshoer sticks to the name of farrier, and has his noisy anvile rected in Pearl street, near Wall. William Ulick is gazetted as a dancing master at 29 John street. Nicholas Low, an ancestor of the present President of Columbia College, is gazetted at 216 Water street. A progenitor of Theodore Roosevelt is a sugar refiner at 159 Queen street. Any client desiring the legal services of Aaron Burr would find that crafty counsellor at 10 Little Nassau street, and Alexander Hamilton could be consulted at his office at 57 Wall street. Recorder Varick could be visited at 72 Wall street. The only law firm of the city—Campbell & Cutting—were to be found at 15 Wall street. Any cliticen desiring to summon a surgeon would find the great Dr. Samuel Bard at 46 Broad street or a great physician in Dr. Romaine, at 33 John street. If a man of fashion found his peruke out of order he would visit the headquarters of the Society of Hair Dressers at the shop of Mr. Ketchun, 22 Ann street. If the services of a priest were desired Father Andrew Nugent was residing at 1 Hunter's Quay, on the lower East lilver side. If the Sheriff was sought he was Marinus Willett, at 22 Beckman street, and Chief Justice Robert Morris would sign court orders at the corner of Nassau and King (or Pino) streets, where his chambers were in a little two-story brick house of Dutch architecture. Family names now prominent in the society of today abound in that little directory—such as Kissam, Jay, Van Cortison, Betts, Hache, Bradhurst, Burras, Buchaine, Dash, Wilks, Edgar, Forbes, Hendricks, Peters, Haicht, Jones, Kips, Kings by the dozen, Suydan, Mason, Mechanyo, Mills, Nicholas, Ogden, Palmer, Honalds—printed then Ronnells—Le Roy, Renwick, Staples,

To BE SOLD—A negro man, about 33 years old; so-ber an i smart, and understands all kinds of town and country work; also the time of a negro boy, 14 years of age. Inquire at the Intelligence office, 22 Water st., opposite the Coffee House.

Water st. opposite the Coffee House.

But the gradual emancipation acts passed both by the New York and the New Jersey Legislatures in 1797 were soon to banish such announcements. The goat had not yet reached Harlem, but was disporting in the lower Broadway, for an announcement reads: "Those persons who have goats that keep about the Fort Garden are desired to take notice that unless the goats are taken care of and prevented from destroying trees, disagreeable consequences will ensue." Thus leaving it uncertain whether the consequences apply to the roats or their owners. Although no Edison yet lives, one Thomas Nixon advertises that he will, at 226 Queen street for Pearl, near the upper Broadway outleit, cure by electricity paisy, head-ale, toothache, and scalds, and adds the cabal-tile capitals "N. C., N. P., "meaning "No cure, no pay." Postmaster Bedlow announces that "letters must be in his office half an hour before the closing of the

without overdoing it so as to weaken, as so many pills do.

Headaches

Caused by indigestion, bilious attacks,

Wills' English Pills Cure

too hearty eating or constipation.

Only Cathartic

Not Weaken.

stagecoach mails northward and eastward on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 10 P. M., or southward on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 P. M., "from which it will be inferred that Sunday labor was more liberally treated than in this era of John Raines. Stages leave Jersey City for Philiadelphia via Elizabethtown every morning, except Saturday and Sunday, for Philiadelphia, and the fare is \$6, with a stop at Princeton for dinner.

Elbridge Gerry, lately member of Congress from Massachusetts, is gazetted in an issue of the New York Morning Post as visiting, with his bride, his father-in-law, James Thomson, in Park place. A farm of 300 acres on Harlaem Heights is advertised as bounded by the two "vivers, and the inducements are offered of plenty of fish and oysters, fine springs, large quantity of hayground and beautiful prospect." Doubtless only a few thousands was the price and the land to-day would be worth millions. "The particulars can be learned of Aaron Burr, attorney and counsellor at law, at his office, agent for the estate of the late John Watkins." Hundreds of lots along Rowery lane are also on the market. A tailor, "lately from Loudon," is offering suits of clothes for gentlemen—the coat to have lappels—and laced walstcoats at \$8, with the inducement of not having the coat confined under the arms. The city tax levy for the ensuing year is estimated to amount to about \$150,000 and the bonded debt to be \$90.000. The "Dog and Duck Tavern" in the Bowery lane at the two-mile stone is commended as an excellent roadhouse. History in fashion is repeating itself so far as heavy head gear for ladies is concerned, for in 1797 large hats were worm "inconvenient in carriages," and what was more cumbrous the skirt hoop. A city rhymster of that period had left of newspaper record this ode:

Hall mighty hoop; the thing of Joy To ladies over fifty.

f newspaper record this ode:
Hall mighty hoop; the thing of Joy
To ladies over fifty.
To thee they owe the sprightly step,
And buiwark if they're thrifty.
To thee they owe the room they have
When to the play they go;
And are secure with elbow room
To ward off every beau.
And thou art framed for shelter too
From winds both great and small:
Then if the petitooats are solled
The hoop doth cover all.

The hoop doth cover all.

Capital punishment for burglary or grand larceny was still in vogue as in England, but for petit larceny lashes at the public whipping post behind the Bridewell, just west of the City Hall was practised. The plea of benefit of clergy was allowed, but the pleader was branded.

St. Peter's Church, still standing at Barelay street and Church, had been dedicated in 1785, and its architecture was much admired. Twenty pipes of choice Fayal wine (Madeira) were on sale by an importer, which is probably more in quantity than now exists in the whole Union. Another firm had for sale several butts (300 gallous each) of Holland gin, which was the ardent popular tipple of 1797 as whiskey is in 1897.

Fox chases on Long Island in the vicinity of Jamaica are in vogue. Men of wealth—and any one possessing \$50,000 invested is regarded as rich and subjected to envy—are opening country. Fox chases on Long Island in the vicinity of Jamaica are in vogue. Men of wealth—and any one possessing \$50,000 invested is regarded as rich and subjected to envy—are opening country seats along the Bloomingdale road (now the Boulevard) or along the Hoboken Heights or along the East river about Sixtieth street and opposite the island occupied by the Henry B. Blackwell family, who in due time will sell it to the city for correctional purposes. Mineral springs at Baliston—producessor of Saratoga—are attracting the attention of New York physicians who have dyspeptic or valetundinarian patients. Columbia College students have cricket matches on the Harlaem plains. Two ship yards have been recently opened between Roosevelt and Grand streets, and passenger traffic is in sloops to and from New Haven or Albany and intermediate points. But in winter time the Red line of stages upon runners would ply on the frozen Hudson River to Albany.

Brooklyn was described in the geographies as a village opposite New York, and little clams from Rockaway Beach were great delicacies, while its white sand was extensively used upon public floors and even on a court room floor.

war with France and sympathizing over the tardy reports from Ireland of an apprehended insurrection of its patriots, yet ignorant that when this should culminate in 1798 it would bring to their city the founder of the Emmet family. The name of Tammany was yet unknown, although a few anti-Federallsis of the city were meditating a society to counteract the influence of the alleged aristocratic Cincinnati Society, while the newly inaugurated Vice-President Thomas Jefferson was becoming the idol of men who in a few years would institute a democratic party and fight the Puritanism of President John Adams—men whose head-quarters were of evenings in the refectory of William Morrison, at the corner of Nassau and John, which was the resort of all gastronomers who there best enjoyed the newly-discovered oysiers from Prince's Bay and the novelty of soft shell crabs instituted by the culinary skill of the Widow Martense who had a modest inn at Flatbush Inlet.

"Hall Columbia" was not as yet written, but its music was almost nightly played under the name of "Washington's March. At Far Rockaway had recently been started a one-mile race course, instituted by one Jacob Hicks, an exquaker, who kept a tavern hard by, where purses of ten and twenty nounds were offered in behalf of what he called in his modest bills "questrian diversions." Samuel Campbell maintained in Hanover square, at the corner of Old slip an extensive book store, where he issued the first catalogue of volumes known to the city and collected in it the titles of 5,000, which he engaged to import, and he especially recommended a new work by the New England poet, Joel Barlow, published by him, entitled "The Vision of Columbus." He had a rival in John R. Gaine at 17 Water street, who advertised such novels as "Caroline of Litchield" in three volumes, "Zoreida." "Man of the World," "Anthony Varnish," "Emily Herbert," and "Errors of Innocence," all in two volumes each. Hoth places announced for sale the Daily discretised such novels as "Caroline of Litchield" in thr

BOSTON, June 5.-Commissioner Marshall of

the public institutions is intent on establishing a thoroughly modern library, with a card system and catalogues, for the use of the 1,650 prisoners at Deer Island, in order that the inmates of that institution may have their full share of Boston culture. There is a great deal of cheap Boston culture. There is a great deal of cheap literature sent to the prisoners, which, Commisoner Marshall feels, exerts a bad influence, or, at any rate, is not clevating, so he is anxious to get together a library of excellent reading matter and scientific works, which shall be used as an auxiliary to the reform work carried on in the institution. The Commissioner is not asking the city for an appropriation, but is calling upon philanthropic critizens to contribute books to help the cause along.

Not a Unique Accident.

At the down station of the elevator road, at Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. Guard standing between two cars, a foot on the platform of each, hands on the levers of the two gates. Woman on the platform, about four feet from the guard and directly in front of him. The Guard—Ni—inth avenue train! The Woman (stepping forward and addressing Guard)—Is this Sixth avenue! The Guard (repesting mournfully)—Ni—inth

A DETECTED DETECTIVE.

OLD CONUNDRUM, "QUIS CUSTODI-ET?" ANSWERED BY A TEUTON.

"Go Avay," Said He, and Then He Cried "Thieves!" and "Police!" Until a Uni-

formed Man Came to the Rescue of Cant. O'Brien's Shadowy Sleuth in a Doorway. To the ears of Chief Sleuth Stephen O'Brien ame the news a fornight ago that a celebrated

crook was visiting a certain bouse in a side street of Harlem. Mr. O'Brien immediately bent all the resources of his brain and his office to put a stop to those visits. He sent for two of his steuths, and to them he spake solemnly;

"Go and watch this house, If Jimmy the Lizard goes there, let me know at once. Watch night and day and report progress." Watching night and day from the hard, cold curbstone of a Harlem highway is no easy job,

so the two sleuths hired a room and did their guard duty from there, with occasional turns at walking up and down the street for variety. One of them took the day trick and the other the night. The rent of the room was put down to 'necessary expenses." It was a pleasant, easy job for the two detectives. There was only one drawback, and that was that the pair could find no room directly opposite the house under surveillance, and so had to content themselves with one half way down the block. The watcher would sit in the window with a pair of opera glasses, which he levelled at the suspected place every time anybody approached the door. The spectacle of a man seated in a second-story front window with a binocular glued to his face aroused derision among the neighbors.

The night man had his troubles, too. The light of an intervening lamp post threw the doorway of the house into deep shadow, so that to watch it properly the detective had to spend most of his time after dark on the sidewalk. Therefore he was regarded as a purposeful criminal by the householders of the neighborhood, and the policeman on that beat was many times requested to chase him away. Night and day for two weeks the two detectives, taking turn and turn about, kept their eagle eyes and operaclasses on that house. During that time Jimmy the Lizard came not, or if he did come entered way that gentlemen of that style of nomenclature have. At any rate, the watchers didn't see him, and they so reported at intervals to the chief sleuth, being weary of their vigil.

This was getting more difficult every day, and more difficult still every night. Everybody in the block put in his or her leisure hours watching the watchers, who became very unhappy under the supervision. In particular the janitor of the flat opposite the suspected house made himself obnoxious to the detective who was on duty at night by peeping through the door at intervals whenever the sleuth stepped into the portico to lean against the pillar, which was easier than patrolling the street. Once or twice e ordered the officer away, and on the third occasion that worthy told who he was.

"Stick to the work," was all that the Spartan

he ordered the officer away, and on the third occasion that worthy told who he was.

"Don't believe it," said the janitor.

Thereupon the detective got the policeman on the beat to back up his statement.

"Oh, that's all right, then," said the janitor.

"I'd give you a place in my window, only you couldn't see from there. But here's a key to the outside door, so you can get into the vestibule any time you want, and stay there.

This offer and the key were thankfully accepted, and late at night, after the tenants were in, the watcher would enscone himself between the two doors and watch from there. All went well until Monday night, when the sleuth did what no sleuth is ever supposed to do—fell asleep. Whether he snored or leaned against the door or accidentally fell against a bell, is not known, but about 1 A. M. he was suddenly awakened by a light shining in his eyes. It came from the gas in the inner hallway, which had been turned up suddenly. By the light the detective beheld a person of rotund form and Teutonic aspected at in a night shirt, standing on the lower stair. The door was partly open.

"Hay, dere!" halled the person.

The detective got up.

"Vat you do, ch!" inquired the man inside.

Not being able to think of the proper reply on short notice, the ex-slumberer said nothing.

"I guess me you came to rop mein house apout mein ears. Vhy you don'd shpeak!"

"Us's all right, began the detective.

"Vot's all right, began the detective.

"Vot's all right, began the detective.

"Vot's all right, began the detective."

"It's all right, began the detective.

"Vot's all righd, I ask you, und vhy you don'd shpeak it out straighd! Vhy you shneak into der doorvay. You shteal der man I'll' explain."

"Oo's ald righd." cried the other as the sleuth in and I'll explain."

"Go avay!" cried the other as the sleuth

"No, no," said the detective. "Let me come in and I'll explain."
"Go avay! cried the other as the sleuth started for the door. "If you come py der door I shoot your head open."
By way of backing up this threat he whipped out a hig revolver. The detective gasped. "Don't shoot!" he begged. "P-p-point that thing the other way. I'll tell you all about it. Call the janitor."
"You t'ink I call!" retorted the German; "und I keen wy pistol beinted, too. Don'd you a moye

Call the janitor."

"You tink I call!" retorted the German; "und I keep my pistol pointed, too. Don'd you a move make, or I make you a pad preak." Then, raising his voice, he bellowed, "Roppers! Tiefs! Police! Hel-lup! Come avay here, qvick! I haf a t'ief py der door-vay caught."

People swarmed from every flat, Some shrieked. Some swore. The janitor came. He laughed. The policeman came. He howied with mirth. The unfortunate detective swore.

"Take that condemned pistol away from that qualified Datch lunatic," he said to the officer.

But the Teuton declined to give up his weapon until a full explanation had been made. Finally he was prevailed upon to go upstairs, but he was still full of suspicion.

"I vatch!" he said; "I vatch all night, to der mornings. Don'd you come py mein door if you don'd vant to ged shoud py mine pistol."

The detective spent the rest of the night on the sidewalk. It is said at Hoadquarters that he has made a request for a change of duty.

THE OFFICE OVER THE SIDEWALK. A Characteristic Attendant Feature of Modern Building Operations.

Something peculiar to modern building operaions, and characteristic, too, of the tendency to soar, is the office of the builder up at the level of the second story, perched on the roof of the plank shelter now required to be built over the sidewalk. Sometimes there are seen two such offices, up on the roof, one the headquarters of the steel contractor, the other of the builder. On large work an office at the work itself is essential. Here are kept the working plans and specifications, which may need to be consulted at any time. This is headquarters of the superintendent or boss of the work, or the office of the elerk who keeps the accounts or checks supplies, or it is belief headquarters and office, too; it is where all the varied details of the work, requiring attention as the work itself, are looked after, and it is the headquarters in the field of the contractor or the builder when he comes to look over the work in person.

Such field offices are still found at the level of the structure has got above the sidewalk, they are nowadays oftener seen up over the sidewalk, they are nowadays oftener seen up over the sidewalk, one of the characteristic attendant features of modern building. sidewalk. Sometimes there are seen two such